LITTLE MAMMA. Charles Henry Webb in The October Century. Why is it the children don't love me
As they do mamma?
That they put her ever above me—
Little mamma?
I'm sure I do ai that I can do.
What more can a rather big man do,
Who can't be mamma—
Little mamma?

Any game that the tyrants suggest,
"Logomachy,"—which I detest,—
Doll-babies, hop-scotch, or baseball,
I'm always on band at the call,
When Noah and the others embark,
I'm the cicphant saved in the ark,
I creep, and I climb, and I crawl—
By turns am the animals all.
For the show on the stair
I'm always the bear,
The chimpanzee, or the kangaroo,
It is never, "Mamma,—
Little mamma,—
Won't you?"

My umbrella's the pony, if any—
None ride on mamma's parasol;
I'm supposed to have always the penny
For bon-bons, and beggars, and all.
My room is the one water they cuatter—
Am I reading, or writing, what matter!
My foot is the stirrup for Dot.
If his fractions get into a snarl
Who straightens the tangles for Karl?
Who beunds Massachuseits and Maine,
And tries to bound filmsy old Spain?
It is I,
Papa,—
Not little mamma!

That the youngsters are ingrates don't say.

I think they love me—in a way—
As one does the old clock on the stair,—
Any curious, cumbrous affair
That one's used to having about,
And would feel rather lonely without.
I think that they love me, I say,
In a sort of tolerant way;
But it's pinin that papa
Isn't little mamma.

Thus when shalows come stealing anear,
And things in the firelight look queet;
When shadows the play-room enwrap,
They never climb into my lap
And toy with my head, smooth and bare,
As they do with mamma's shining halr;
Nor feel round my throat and my ck.
For dimples to put fingers in;
Nor lock my neck in a loving vise
And say they're "mouses"—that's mice—
And will nibble my ears,

All things save two. Down the road from the old mission, where a low pile of adobe luildings and a crumbling belfry stood out in strange contrast to the jaunty modern dwellings that surrounded them, came two moving objects. Drawn nearer they resolved themselves into a cow and a man. Unlike all other animate beings within a man. Unlike all other animate beings within the range of vision, these alone seemed possessed of no definite aim or purpose. Although a long rope was attached to the horns of the red cow, and the man held the end in his hand, it was not difficult to see which had the ascendancy. The cow walked leisurely from side to side of the road, examining the scant herbage with languid satisfaction. Sometimes she stoored to nibble daintly at a dried clump of last spring's vegetation; sometimes she throat her nose through the wire fence at the roadside to nip a toothsome peach or almond bud, already swelling and disclosing a touch of vivid pink; more frequently she strolled lazily down the middle of the road, chewing the cud of her morning's meal with grim satisfaction; and wherever the cow led, the man followed.

At length they came to a narrow lane, where an overflowed irrigating ditch evoked a generous crop

At length they came to a narrow lane, where an overflowed irrigating ditch evoked a generous crop of grass and dock the year round. Tall gum-trees stood guard by the roadside and carpeted the ground beneath them with great strips of cinmamon-colored bark. Here the cow fell eagerly to grazing, and the man sank listlessly down.

All day long they stayed there. Sometimes the cow moved about, in her search for succulent morsels, but the man scarcely shifted his position. Passers-by looked at him with varying sentiments of pity, curiosity or indifference, but he never heeded them. A casual observer might have thought him sleeping, but beneath the brim of his coarse straw hat his wide, dark eyes, fixed on the hills, told that his sense of vision was awake.

Reclining there, on a bark-covered bank, he presented a striking picture of manly strength. He was large, with a well-knit, muscular figure. Lying inert, motionless, he looked like a torpid giant. The sun crossed the meridian and slanted down upon the bank, searching out the streng, manly features of the sun-burned face, discovering lines of gold in the tawny beard, falling full in the wide, brown eyes, which lazily blinked and closed, but their owner neither turned his head nor pulled his hat-brim forward for protection. Had this sluggish Hercules no sense of shame at thought of the busy forces toiling around him? Man and beast, tree and plant, were all at work. He alone, of all creation, seemed content to be an idler.

work. He alone, of all creation, seemed contents to be an idler.

The sound of youthful voices echoed around the bend in the road. A moment later there came in sight a band of merry children, returning from school. A shout went up as they saw him.

"Santos's brother! Hurrah!

Now for some fun! They tossed satchels and lunch-baskets upon the ground, and made ready

Sit up! The man rose to a sitting posture.
"Put your finger in your mouth."
He obeyed.
"Say Mary has a little lamb."

The man complied without a protest,
"Get down on your hands and knees.
you're a dog," cried one merry boy.
Down upon all fours went the man.
"Grow!"

you, then, no better lesson than to make mock and jest of one upon whom the hand of God has been laid? Be off now—the whole pack of you? And when any of your playmates would amuse themselves at this poor fellow's expense, say to them that they will have an account to settle with Father Neal.

which any of your playmates would amuse themselves at this poor fellow's expense, say to them that they will have an account to settle with Father Neal."

The children gathered up their baskets and satchels in shamcfaced silence, and trooped off down the road, while Father Neal gazed after them with a merry twinkle in his eye, moved by a half-humorous sympathy, fecalling, no doubt, the lawless pranks of his own boyhood. In spite of his forty years and the dignified position to which he had attained, he was still more layman than priest. Witness the handsome animal he drove, as pretty a piece of horse-flesh as could be found in all the country, and one not to be surpassed in speed by any nag in all the villages about, as Father Neal had proved by sundry tests of speed upon the road. Rumor had it that the erratic priest had even been seen urging his favorite around the race-track, in the fair grounds near by, one moonlight night. On more than one occasion he had been known to take a lady out to drive. He kept a boat on the little lake close by, and delighted in pulling an oar at daybreak, whence songs of a sadly temporal nature floated across the still waters and scandalized the most pious of his parishioners, while the less straitlaced were delighted. It is true that he so far conformed to the traditions of the hoary old mission, which was his especial charge, as to wear the conventional sackeloth gown and hempen girdle which had always been worn by the fathers in charge, but this was by no means allowed to interfere with his mode of life. And as for eigars and whe, the grocer at the corner, and the great vats of the old mission wine-cellars, could have told tales that would have startled the community. These worldly proclivities had brought Father Neal no end of trouble with the heads of the Church. The bishop of his diocese, in particular, a bigoted and ascetic old gentleman, who would have burned heretics at the stake had hor it been for the danger of interference from the laws of the land, had frequently cal

supplies and of the district products are supplied to the properties of the product of the produ action. "Put on your shoes and stockings, Rafael," or-

"Say 'Mary has a little lamb."
The man complied without a protest.

"Get down on your hands and knees. Play you're a dog," cried one merty tooy.
Down upon all fours went the man.
"Grow!"
He simulated the growl of a dog.
He simulated the bark of a dog.
He initiated the bark of a dog.
He are trunt to accomplish this absurd caning trick sent his termentors into fresh paroxysms of laughter.

"Take off your shoes and stockings," was the next command.
He uninced his shoes, and, removing them, displayed a pair of large, shapely feet.
Again the man passively obeyed. During the whole of this extraordinary performance he had not smiled, nor had his expression changed in the least degree. His wide brown eyes regarded the children as calmly and with as little feeling as they had viewed the hills all day. But now arese a conflict of authorities. The cow objected the children as calmly and with as little feeling as they had viewed the hills all day. But now arese a conflict of authorities. The cow objected the children as calmly and with as little feeling as they had viewed the hills all day. But now are sea conflict of authorities. The cow objected the children as calmly and with as little feeling as they had viewed the hills all day. But now are sea conflict of authorities. The cow objected the children as calmly and with as little feeling as they had viewed the hills all day. But now are sea conflict of authorities. The cow objected the children as calmly and with as little feeling as they had viewed the hills all day. But now are sea conflict of authorities. The cow objected the children as calmly and with as little feeling as they had viewed the hills all day. But now are sea conflict of authorities. The cow objected the children as calmly and with as little feeling as they had viewed the hills all day. But now are sea conflict of authorities. The cow objected the conflict of authorities are constructed the conflict of the co

"Rafael," he said, "do you remember Pelicia;"
The priest had a motive for asking this question, a motive been that merning, in the performage of his priestly functions, in the solemn shadows of the little mission church. Father Neal was not so had a Catholic that he would betray the confidences of the confessional, but he was too good a Christian not to turn the knowledge of this gained to practical use in righting the affairs of the little community.

an If he had expected to surprise his hearer into any betrayal of emotion, or to arouse him to reflection, he was disappointed.

The had expected to surprise his hearer into any betrayal of emotion, or to arouse him to reflect the stroke that Rafael, dully; "I don't know. Ya-as."

Since the stroke that Rafael had received, it was noticeable that, on the few occasions that he indulged in speech, he relapsed into the vernacular of the ignorant class among whom he lived. This characteristic, coupled with his dull, indifferent tone, might well have discouraged a less resolute man than Father Neal.

"Felicia," he repeated slowly: "Felicia, the girl you were to marry some day. Do you know what I say, She is behind the wails of the old convent. On Easter Sunday—Easter Sunday, mark!—she will take the veil."

The priest pointed his whip at the old convent on the hill beyond them, as he scale.

what I say. She is behind the walls of the old convert.

She will take the veil."

The priest pointed his whip at the old convent on the hill beyond them, as he spoke. Rafael's eyes travelled mechanically in that direction, and he smiled with a child's pleased, unmeaning smile at the golden rays of the setting sun, reflected back from the windows like a thousand shattered javelius.

"Remember what I say," insisted Pather Neal, impressively: "on Easter Sunday, if nothing happens before, Felicia will be forever lost to you and the world."

Santos's brother did not appear to notice the speaker's concluding words. The cow, whose measure of the passing time was more accurate than his, began to anticipate the pleasures of he revening meal, and palled imperiously upon her rope. Santos's brother arose, and, without word or look for the priest, slouched off down the road, following where the cow leed.

Day after day, throughout the winter, the same programme was repeated, as it had been for many long montas before. When it rained hard, the cow sought the shelter of a line of friendly peppertrees, about her that they might not be solied to be by herself for one little moment. Felicia stole softly down the stairs, gathering had to be solity down the stairs, gathering had to be by herself for one little moment. Felicia stole softly down the stairs, gathering had to be solid to be by herself for on the that they might was a little down the road to file the staircase. She was a little body, and the mage was placed ligh not be solied by contact with the staircase. She was a little body, and the mage was placed ligh not be solied by contact with the staircase. She was a little body, and the mage was placed ligh not be solied by contact with the staircase. She was a little body, and the mage was placed ligh not be solied by contact with the staircase. She was a little body, and the mage was placed ligh up in a bread riche at one side of the white had regard a beaver with the staircase. She was a little body, and the mage was pl

shreuded in the nateful veil, was like having the provided in the nateful veil, was like having the control veil, was like having the control veil, and the poor follow doing? The street has been controlled from the control veil, and the poor follow doing? The provided his control veil, and the poor follow doing? The provided his control veil, and the poor follow doing? The provided his control veil, and the character of the provided his control veil, and the character of the provided his control veil, and the character of the provided his control veil, and the character of the provided his control veil, and the provided his control veil, the prov

creof, this 17th day of September, 1888.
(Signed) JAMES C. CARTER,

E. W. KITTREDGE

CUTTING RATES FAST AND FURIOUS. St. Louis, Sept. 29 (Special).—The Eastern pas-senger war confines unabated to-day. The New-York rate on the Vandalin was cut this morning from \$11.50 to \$10, and the Bee Line promptly

Louis, Sept. 29 (Special).-The publication of a New-York dispatch this morning asserting that the Missouri Pacific had purchased the Cotton Belt line, caused a great deat of comment. President Fordyce said: "I haven't heard anything about it. Of course it may be possible. You can't tell anything about these stock operations. The stock and bonds of the

It was officially announced yesterday that the re-organization of the Chesspeare and Ohio Railway Company would be completed without foreclosure, and that all foreclosure proceedings would be terminated

shrouded in the fateful veil, was like having the Recollections of his old life, of the days before immediately. The receivership has been discharged and the property has been turned over to a new board of directors. C. H. Coster, R. J. Cross and A. J. Thomas, who composed the reorganization committee, are members of the board. The other directors are M. E. Ingalls, C. P. Huntington, C. Adolph Low, Eckstein Norton, Alexander E. Orr and T. O. Bar-bour Mr. Ingalls is president and Mr. Barbour secretary and treasurer.

INDIGNANT OVER BENETS ORDER. THE WARRIOR GLORIES IN HIS SHAME.

SEEKING TO RELIEVE ENDICOTT OF THE RE-

SPONSIBILITY-INDIGNANT SOLDIERS. Washington, Sept. 29 (Special).-The publication of Benet's "confidential circular, issued with the ap-proval of Endicott and directing the discharge of women and of soldiers' orphans who might be sus-pected of hereditary Republicanism, has aroused great

indignation among old soldiers here, irrespective of party. One of them said:

"That settles me. I have voted the Democratic ticket since 1874, and I cast a vote for Cleveland in a doubtful State four years ago. I shall vote and work against him this year, and when I vote the Democratic ticket again, I shall be pretty sure of my candidate beforehand. I was willing to forget and forgive the rebel flag order on the ground that it was inconsiderately and hastily issued, but this order to discharge women and children simply because their husbands, fathers and brothers were Republicans

is too much for me."

Among Congressmen the feeling against Benet as well as Endicott is extremely bitter. A man who was a gallant Union soldier during the war said:

"I can't think of an act by an army officer that

would be more despicable. If Benet had possessed a spark of the spirit which should animate an officer of the United States, he would have flatly refused to issue such a circular. If our Army and Navy are to be made simple political machines to work the will of thedominant party, no matter what party, it will be a bad day for this country. The people will not stand it. This exposure convinces me of the truth of a statement recently made that the army engineers in charge of river and harbor improvements, for which a very large appropiation has been made, have received confidential orders to see that the con-tractors give the preference to Democrats who ask for employment. In other words, the appropriation of \$20,000,000 or more is to be used, as far as

E. there were any discharges or appointments or prometions to be made in the arsenals, the two political parties could be divided equally, efficiency being first considered above any other consideration. I said that if he would allow me, I would fix it for him. I issued that circular accordingly. Of course it was supposed that there would be found a preponderance of Republicans among the employes, since the party was in power so long. In many places this is so, but there are others where the reverse is the case. One letter I remember in particular from an officer stated that at his post the Democrats were in a majority, so that if any changes had to be made they would be the ones affected.

ment clerks at the Government's expense in a building owned by the Government. Let it be assured that the President's veto of the Darling bill was honest and well considered. He and his factorum, in the life of our city. As citizens we have assembled to

introduced at this session and which was passed by both houses, received the approval of Grover Cleveland? That is a fact, and he approved it before the pastification or apology for the veto of that identical bill was furnished to the Democratic National Committee for campaign use. Had he received any new light on the case? Not a ray.

To a Tribune correspondent to-day, Representative Perlius, of Kanasa, said: "I introduced the bill in the last Congress to grant a pension to James H. Darling, which was vetoed when this Congress assembled. I determined to introduce the same bill again and did so. Not a sentilla of new evidence did I offer, for I did not consider it necessary. The bill was identical in terms with the one vetoed last year and it rested on the same evidence. The committee reported it novesely. It passed both houses and Grover Cleveland approved it."

It is apparent either that Cleveland has become less virilant or more auxious not to offend the vetermis until after election. In this case, at least, that fannous veto hand lost its cumulng. But what becomes of the argument in the current text book attempting to justify the veto of Mr. Darling's pension?

justfy the veto of Mr. Darling's pension?

NO GRAZING LEASES ON THE CHEROKEE OUTLET. Washington, Sept. 22.—Secretary Vilas to-day seat pletter to J. il. Mayes, principal chief of the therefore Indian Nation, informing him that any lease or contract for grazing on the "Chrokee Outlet." In the Indian Territory, will be without authority from the Government, and subject to cancellation.

BONDS OFFERED AND ACCEPTED.

Washington, Sept. 29,-To-day's bond offerings were

as follows: Registered fours: \$5,000 at 129 1-4, at 130, \$50,000 at 130, \$2,600 at 130, \$20,000 at 129 1-16, \$30,060 at 129 1-4, \$20,000 at 129 3-16, \$504,650 at 130, \$10,000 at 130, \$5,000 at 130, \$1,100

cepted the following bonds:

Four per cents, registered: \$304.050 at 130, \$150 at 130, \$50,000 at 130, \$2,550 at 130, \$10,000 at 130, \$5,000 at 130, \$1,100 at 120 ex interest.

Four and a half per cents, registered: \$500 at 107.3-4.

BER 28-THE REPERTORY AND SINGERS. The fifth regular season of grand opers in German, at the Metropolitan Opers House, will begin up

Wednesday evening, Nevember 28, and will continue until March 23, 1889. The season will comprise sixsubscription nights and sixteen mattheon. During this period the "Ring of the Nibelungen" will be completed by the production for the first time in America of "Das Rheingold." The scenery for this production has been ordered from Germany, and the costumes and armor are from the designs of Professor Doepler, who made the original drawings for Richard Wagner. The remaining repertory will be selected from the follow-ing operas: "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," "Die Meisersinger," "Tristan und Isolde," "Rheingold," "Die Walkure," "Siegfried," "Die Goetierdaemmerung," Les Huguenots," "L'Africaine," "Robert le Diable," Prophete," "Aida," "Trovatoro," Sbeba," "Meritin," "Faust," "William Tell," "Trum-poter von Sakkingen," "Den Giovanni," "La Juive," 'Le Roi D'ys," "Masaniello," "Das Kalte Herz," "Fi-

Sopranos and contrattes Fraulein Betraque, Stadt Theatre, Hemburg; Fraulein Alma Fobstroem, Interims Theatre, Right: Fraulein Fellele Koschosks, Rof Theatre, Warsaw; Frau Marie Handstaengel, Stadt Theatre, Frankfort; Frau Lilli Kalisch-Lehmann, Metropolitan Opera House, New-York; Frau Moran Oldon, Stadt Theatre, Leipsie; Fraulein Hedwig Reil,



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asking places for Democratic friends in th various asking places for Democratic friends in the various asking places friends in the various asking places for Democratic frien

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS SON.

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS SON.

Portland, Me., Sept. 20.—The Longfellow Status Association to day unveiled and presented to the city the status of Longfellow, the poet. The exercises were held in Statu Street Square before a large concourse of people. The exercises were opened with a concert by the 1st Regiment Band. At 3 p. m. the status was unveiled. A prelude in verse by Georgi E. B. Jackson, was read by Clarence W. Peabody of E. B. Jackson, was read by Clarence W. Peabody, of Portland High School. The concluding lines were;

The poet needs no monument In lasting bronze or stone. So long as mon shall live His silver words alone Shall keep his memory green. Yet, fitly, in his boyhood home, Beneath these arching eims, Where he so loved to be, His sculptured form we place.

And in the days and years to com When men are asked to name Whom Portland honors first, Deserving poet's fame, All shall point hitherward.

chores of 100 children. The presentation address was made by C. F. Libby, president of the Longfellow

gift. Then a poem by Mes. C. Cavazza was read by Stanley Pullen. One of the stanzas was as follows:

Stanley Pullett. Cine of the stanzas was as follows:
Here was his earliest home, and homes are here
More homerable and happy for his sake
Whose household somes made household cares more dear.
And the plain hearth and alter stone appear,
And served five maid its brands awake.
The exercises closed with the Doxology. Among
the members of the Longfellow family present at the

the members of the Longicilow family present at the inveiling were Mrs. Greenleaf, of Cambridge; Mrs. Richard H. Dana and son, Henry W. Longfellow, Alex-ander Longfellow and wife, and Mrs. Flerres, sister of the poet. Letters of regret were received from Presi-dent Effot, of Harvard; samuel M. Clemens, George W. Cable, Edward E. Hale, Erwest Longiellow, George William Curtis, T. W. Higgmeon, E. C. Stedman, George Bancroft, T. B. Addich and others.

SHOW A HOWLING SUCCESS.

The vegetable-tent at the Westehester County Fair held yesterday sixteen of the county's choices products—to be exact, thirteen single bables and a team of triplets. Each of the thirteen other infants was, of course, a team by itself, but the triplets were so young, so small and so quiet, that it took the three together to make themselves heard in the grand in-fants' chorus, which begun at noon and ended in about fifteen minutes. The ages of the babics ranged from two months to two years, and altogether they constituted the fair's crowning glory. They certainly con-tributed much to make the day a howling success.

The committee consisted of Mrs. James V. Frish, of Yorktown; Mrs. Fred. Bughler, of Peckeville, and Jacob Read, of Yonkers. Mr. Read, who is known as "Uncle Jacob," has served on committees of every kind as country fairs. He is seventy years old to-day. This was his first appearance as judge of a baby show and he asserted the prerogatives of man. But the ladies overruled Uncle Jacob and gave one prize, a gold clasp pin with a tiny diamond in it, to Mabel Griffin, a three-months-old daughter of Mrs. H. J. Griffin, of White Plains; and the other, a gold clasp-pin with a pearl in it, to Bertie L. Patierson, a year-and-tenmonths'-old son of Mrs. F. W. Patterson, of Mt. Vernon. The limit of age was two years.

After the baby show there were races. Golden Red. owned by A. P. McDonald, won the free-for-all purse, 8300, and Fantine, owner E. Kipp, the 2:35 class, purse 8200. Henry T. Dykman seld that about 88,000 had been taken in, exclusive of the fakir privileges. The management would, therefore, he able to pay off the society's debt of last year and make improvements for next year's fair. Expressions of pleasure at the fair's success and of sorrow that it was ended were heard on all sides.

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